

The GLEANER

~ Scientific Hick Issue ~

PLEASE EXCHANGE



PLEASE EXCHANGE

~ FEBRUARY 1922 ~

NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL

Autographs

Commencement and Class Day Program

February 22, 1922



AFTERNOON PROGRAM

Speakers of the Day

INVOCATION Rev. W. H. Boswell

SALUTATORY Arthur M. Schorr

Dr. Edw. C. Broome, Superintendent of Schools of Philadelphia.

Dr. Joseph Krauskopf, President of and Founder of the National Farm School.

PRESENTATION OF HOE Lewis I. Fox

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS Prof. B. Ostrolenk

Director of the National Farm School

VALEDICTORY Michael Frishkopf

SONG, "Green and Gold" School

SENIOR CLASS FAREWELL DANCE

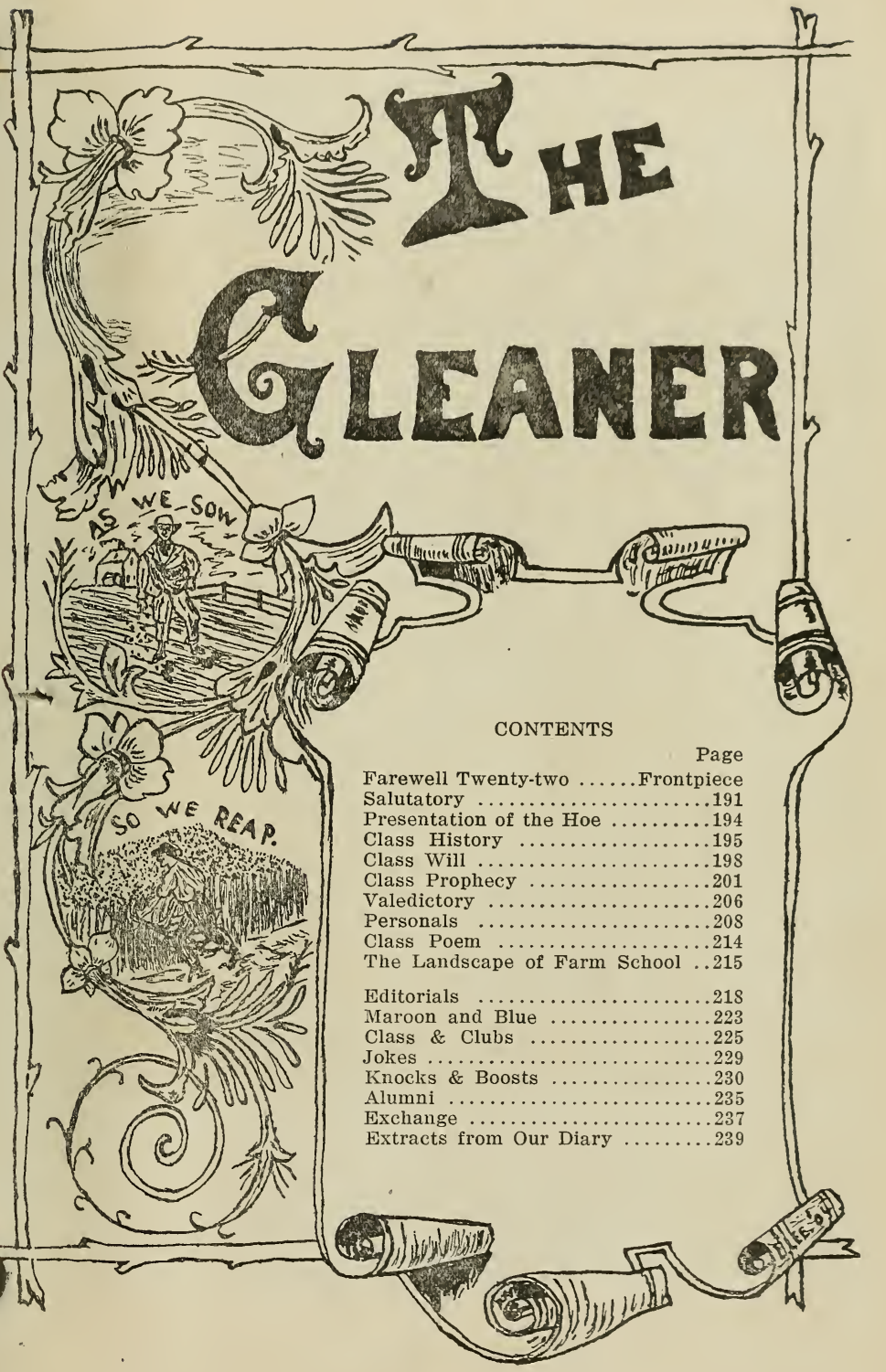
EVENING PROGRAM

LEWIS I. FOX, CHAIRMAN

SONG, "Colors N. F. S." School
CLASS HISTORY Burton Berlack
KNOCKS AND BOOSTS Archie Toffler
CLASS WILL Harry Krisher
PROPHECY Edward L. Ring



Dedicated to
REV. DR. JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF



THE CLEANER

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FAREWELL TWENTY-TWO

By AN UNDERCLASSMAN

I

Farewell Twenty-two; best wishes to you,
Let the rep you have started continue,
In bucking life's line; just stiffen your spine,
And give every darn thing that's in you.

II

Your class at the helm, our own little realm
Experienced a year of contentment,
Every dance was a treat; our teams hard to beat,
And the "Gleaners" were full of enchantment.

III

We wish you success, may each one progress
In the choice of his life's undertaking.
Uphold your good name; for Alma Mater earn fame,
As a school that holds men in the making.

IV

Prove to Doctor K., that your three years stay.
At N. F. S. have really meant something,
And do not forget, that there is need yet,
An Alumni Hall urgently wanting.

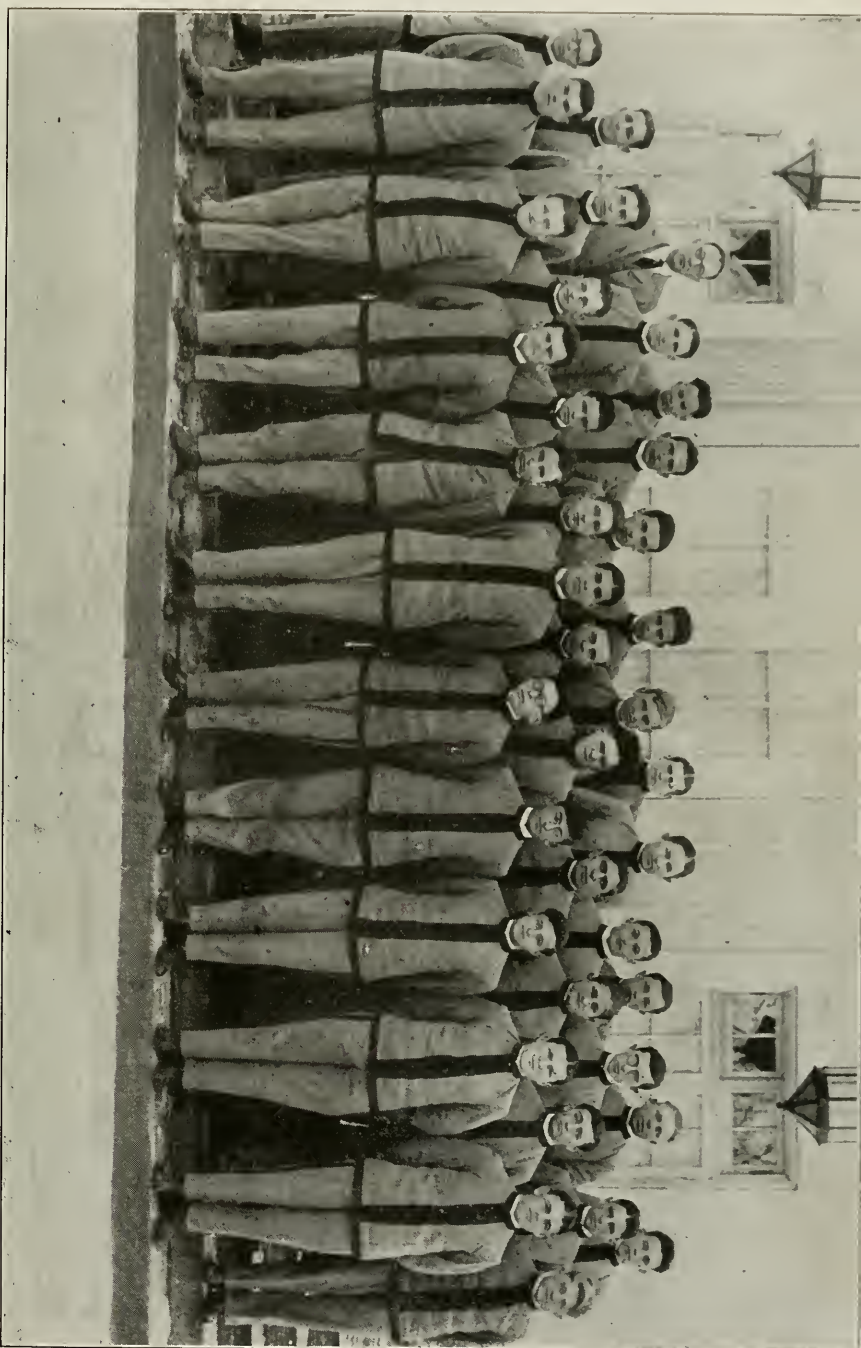
V

Good-by and good luck; just keep up your pluck,
If you still wish to set an example,
Don't start in to shirk, keep up the good work,
For progression is all that is ample.

VI

Adieu twenty-two; may the Maroon and the Blue,
Be an honor to the Green and the Gold,
With a hearty handshake, for fellowship sake,
We wish you God speed from our fold.

M. ROTTER, '23.



THE GRADUATES

Top Row—Left to right—Mr. Ostroient, Director and Faculty Advisor; Gelles T., Robbins S., Wenger O., Weiss N., Ullman S.,
 Townner W., Pastanack A., Rothstein D., Rabinowitz H., Leedes J., Ring L., Zinn A., Post Graduate; Cohen S.
 Second Row—Aukburg D., Corenzwit H., Post Graduate, Blumer C., Rubenstein C., Morris W., Toffler A., Fleischm.
 Langer A., Yulke B., Berlack B., Frishkopf M., Krivonos A., Forman L.
 Bottom Row—Goldfeld J., Schuster L., Pastanack L., Klesling L., Secy., Fox L., Pres.; Schorr A., Vice Pres.; Krisher.



GLEANER STAFF

SEATED: A SCHORR, M. FRISHKOPF, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF; MR. W. H. BOSWELL, B. YULKE, A. TOFFLER
 STANDING: B. BURLACK, R. REGELSON, S. GOLDENBAUM, F. W. KLOSS, D. AUKBURG, D. PLATT, H. KR'SHER, W. MORRIS, J. LEEDES.

The Gleaner

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NOS. 8 & 9

Salutatory

BY ARTHUR M. SCHORR

Rabbi Krauskopf, ladies and gentlemen, members of the faculty, classmates and friends:

Tho mortals, we are at times endowed with singularly thrilling and divine moments, by which life's brilliancy is measured.

How frequently have we been compelled to admit, that spoken words, even at best, are inadequate to express our deepest emotions! At times when our supply of expression is exhausted and while we are groping for words that would but lend expression to our feelings, we are reminded of how Tennyson must have felt when he wrote:

"I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!"

Friends, if ever there was an occasion of that kind it is today, when we as members of the '22 Graduating Class are celebrating the realization of a plan conceived by my fellow graduates and myself only three years ago. Celebrating Commencement Exercises in the past has developed a custom, however, analyzing our farewell occasion may be fittingly compared to a human inventory.

In the spring of 1919 our class entered the National Farm School, in the hope that we could introduce more light into our lives. As a class, we represented a group of human specimens, coming from almost every walk of life, from widely varying environments, comprising practically every human tendency. Yet foremost in the mind of every one of us was the one thought and concern, "Panu Derech"—Let us make a path.

The road was very hard, untrodden, and Nature's obstacles were thrown in our way. By the process, "survival of the fittest," fate has thinned out our ranks to thirty-nine. We have had to overcome the influences of a city upbringing and to accustom ourselves to new labors among hitherto strange environments and modes of living. But our enthusiastic determination, coupled with our close contact with Mother Nature and friendly

association with our instructors, re-enforced by the rigid guidance of our Director Ostrolenk, led us to victory.

Yes, how well we remember that year of 1919, when the entire world, robbed of its flowering youth, was but slowly recovering from the inhuman monstrosities wrought by the most cruel menace of mankind—war. At last the people have learnt the tragic lesson that war is a curse at all times. The thinking few of the younger generation have begun to appreciate the dire need of the rapidly decreasing number of men and women who produce, who bring forth, who grow food and raiment for the hungry and needy harvester—the world—as compared with the non-essential class, who consume or unprofitably waste and squander the products of human toil. Hence our motto: "The pen is mightier than the sword, yet mightier than either, and more necessary, is the hoe."

And so we hope for the fulfillment of the prophecy of Isaiah: "It will come to pass * * * and they will beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation will not lift up sword against nation, neither will they learn war any more"

"Graduation," the word reminds me of two similarly sounding words—grade and graduate measure. The merchant or buyer grades the merchandise, and the pharmacist uses his glass graduate when dispensing the "Elixir of Life," to see whether he has enough or too much of the life-giving and life-destroying elements. So is our graduation to-day a criterion to measure or grade the degree of ability with which we are fitted to enter a higher step.

The name, Belshazzar will suggest to you the historical handwriting on the wall. While the king of Babylon was feasting with his courtiers, the hand appeared on the wall and wrote, "Mene, mene, tekem, ufarsin"—your nation was graded and found deficient—and the result was the downfall of Babylon. The same pair of scales that found a kingdom deficient are now registering an overbalance in our favor.

And while we are today "sailing on the great black boat of life," fortified by a preparation to enter into and interpret Nature's laws and secrets, do not let us forget our happy old Farm School, where bloomed our first flowers of knowledge, and where many life-long friends were gained; where so many happy hours were spent, and dear traditions were upheld; where earnest effort was rewarded and hard work always reigned supreme. Ever so far we may be drifted from these, Dr. Krauskopf's

modest walls, let us remember the spirit that prevailed at Farm School.

The usefulness of a stamp is that it sticks to the letter until it gets there, and so the success of a man's life is measured by his stick-to-itiveness and usefulness to benefit mankind. Farming in any of its branches is the noblest occupation of man. Stick to farming, and you shall reap as you sow—success will be within your reach; you will be a credit to your Alma Mater and the pride of your friends. Let us remember the parting words of Polonius to Laertes: "This above all, to thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day thou canst not then be false to any man."

I avail myself of this opportunity to heartily thank our honorable President, Director Ostrolenk, the members of the Faculty and matron for their kind interest in our welfare. Here we have passed a period in our young manhood, while you have molded our characters and often mended our ways.

We are greatly indebted to the earnest efforts of the members of our school board, and hope to see the day when this school shall be a bigger and better Farm School, and even exceed the fondest hopes of its founder and President, Dr. Joseph Krauskopf.

* * * * *

And while ushering in the program of the day, I cordially bid you welcome.

IN OUR CLASS

A Resume

	As it is	Opposites
The most athletic boy	Gelles	Paris
The most handsome boy	Goldfeld	Schorr
The most popular boy	Wenger	Goldenbaum
The most literary boy	Frishkopf	Cohen
The most humorously boy	Toffler	Pastanack
The cleverest boy	Morris	Forman
The wittiest boy	Krisher	Snyder
The best orton	Fox	Yulke
The best dancer	Rothstein	Rabinowitz
The best actor	Mazor	Ring
The best worker	Kiesling	Ullman
The best leg puller	Towner	Zelanko
The leading Socialist	Leedes	Fleischman
Miss Churchman's favorite	Berlack	Cirotti

Presentation of the Hoe

BY LEWIS I. FOX

Ladies and gentlemen:—

In this world the majority of people are so dovetailed that each one depends upon the other for a livelihood. More or less, we are all dependent upon Nature. But there is one person in this universe that can be really independent if necessary, and that one is the Farmer.

Throughout the ages and even to this very day, and no matter how far ahead agriculture may advance, there is one implement that will remain as the foundation. That is the HOE.

The colors of our hoe are Green and Gold, being emblematic of certain symbols in Nature. Green—for the spring of the year, when youth bubbles over with exuberance. Gold—for the harvest and sunshine when we reap the products of what we have sown.

This very hoe will soon pass into the twenty-fifth year of its existence. With it has gone the best wishes of one class to another.

To you, Mr. Bennet, as president, and the entire Senior Class of 1923, this occasion should be an event that will always be remembered and cherished for the rest of your lives.

Now you are assuming the leadership and welfare of the school, and in behalf of the 1922 graduating class, I, as president, honor you and bequeath to you this useful hoe. I hope you will always avail yourself of every opportunity to adopt everything for which it stands—honesty, industry and brotherly feeling.

Thus terminates our stay at the National Farm School as Seniors, and I heartily wish you all a successful year, both scholastic and athletic. May you uphold the traditions of the school and be ready whenever you are called upon to do your share.



Class History

BY BURTON BERLACK

Ladies and gentlemen:—

It was in the year nineteen hundred and nineteen and in the month of March that the Philadelphia and Reading train from Philadelphia dumped a load of baggage in front of the Farm School station. After close examination, a small animal was seen struggling in the midst of it. Many conjectures were made as to what sort of specie it was. Mr. Marcovitz, our eminent biologist at the time, said it looked similar to the specie *marcovicie*, but he was not sure of it. Meyer Goldman said it resembled an aborigine of the Fiji Islands. At last Miss Colvin, the acting governor, came along and took charge of the small insect. After close questioning, she found it to be Joe Leedes, the first member and nucleus of the Class of Nineteen Twenty-two. From this time on the Farm School station took on the appearance of the Reading Terminal as more members were added to the clan. As train after train entered the school, the tribe increased. The Seniors welcomed us with open arms, farmer's gold, the horse trough, etc. Our first athletic endeavors were to see just who could pay the most dues and initiation fees to the upper classmen. As time went on, more and more entered, while others left. How well do we remember "Texas," our star second baseman; Berman, our star third baseman; Ross, our honorable vice president; Bob Hays, the galloping cow-boy; Seidman, our noted president, and Feder, the comedian. During the summer, the Zionist fever struck us, and many Zionists came here to learn farming. When they left we found a poor, dejected figure in the building where they had resided. After proper nourishment and good treatment, it turned out to be Mike Frishkopf, the future Editor-in-Chief of the Gleaner. In the fall we lost some of our best men in the persons of Hill, Krauss and Hesch, by promotion. In our freshman year we gave to the baseball team a man who was destined to captain the team in his senior year, namely Joe Leedes. To the football team we gave Snyder, the star of the Nineteen Twenty-one Football Team. The end of our freshman year was marked by a banquet held in Chalfont.

In Junior year we acted our parts. The freshmen were welcomed with due respect. We saw the student council come and go. To the orchestra we contributed

such men as Schulster, Kadansky, Goldenbaum and Rosett. Our contribution to the baseball team was increased by Snyder, Gelles, Krivonos and Schulster. From the Freshmen Class we received such men as Fox, Schorr, Wenger and others, who helped increase our record. Football season was welcomed with outstretched arms. Men of the Twenty-Two class who fought for the school were Snyder, Gelles and Goldfield.

Then came that blessed age when we entered upon our duties as Seniors. As the song goes on,

"And when we reach our Senior year,
Of all things we have lost our fear."

The year was started with Rabinowitz as president. With the help of Mr. Ostrolenk, our class advisor, we flourished and prospered. The baseball season was well taken care of. A tennis team was started, which we hope will grow and become a real part of the A. A. Under Fox the Literary Society bloomed forth in all its colors. Under Frishkopf the Gleaner and A. A. garden flourished to heights unknown of before. The A. A. under Snyder has been completely reorganized and formed into a real machine. The tennis courts, under Berlack, have had excellent care. The football team, under Wenger, has an unbeaten record. With Toffler as head of the dance committee, many fine affairs have been run off. And now we leave, fully confident that our work has not been in vain. And, as the song ends*

"And now into the world we come,
We've made good friends and studied some;
But till the sun and moon shall pale,
Our Alma Mater we will hail."

AT PARTING

To you, Oh noble Seniors who are about to pass into this wide world, we, the Class of '24, wish the best of luck and success. You, who have handed down to us the spirit and traditions of this school, we know will succeed. We will strive to keep up these traditions, and as we do so, we will remember the '22 Class that instilled them into us. May those of the '22 Class, when they are out in the world, still think of their Alma Mater and their friends they left behind. May happiness and luck attend you wherever you go. Au revoir.

N. LEFKOWITH, '24,

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1922

By HARRY KRISHER

Ladies and Gentlemen:—

We, the Class of '22, feeling that our stay in this little world is drawing to an end and wishing to dispose of all our possessions in a manner doing justice to our heirs, hereby draw up this document as our last will and testament:

Knowing that where there is a will there is a bunch of contestants, trying by any means to prove the irresponsibility of the departed, we, as a measure of protection for our loving heirs, have each undergone the A. R. O. tests under an expert, who will swear in any language testifying to our perfect sanity.

However, as in every division there is bound to be some dissatisfaction we beg those fortunate individuals whom we deem worthy of becoming our heirs to receive their legacies in good spirits, knowing that we leave to them that which we considered they deserved or needed.

I. To Dr. Krauskopf and the board of the National Farm School, we leave our heartiest thanks for all they did for us during our stay here.

II. To the Faculty we bestow a crackerjack piece of our handiwork, namely, the faculty tennis court. We also leave them our wishes that they come in at least second best during the tennis tournament.

III. To our worthy director we leave the demerits which we painfully saved, one by one, to be redistributed among the desrving students. Although they are slightly worn they still have good teeth.

IV. To our learned teacher of English History and Historic English we leave a season railroad ticket good either way between Doylestown and Farm School. Upon presentation of this ticket and ten cents for every trip, he will be allowed to use said railroad practically free of charge.

V. To Mr. Stangel, whose hair has whitened in his efforts to drill Farm Crops into us, we leave any raw material which he can find at Farm School, and if he can turn out any kind of a basket ball team under the present adverse conditions, he will stand out as the first man who did this for Farm School.

VI. To Mr. Campbell, whose interest in automo-

biles we have daily seen illustrated, we leave a set of automobile books which we procured under his name. All he will have to do in order to keep them permanently, is to send one dollar a week for ninety-seven weeks to the publishers.

VII. To Mr. Toor, who is now studying wireless telegraphy we leave this advice: "Don't argue by wireless. It costs too much and besides wind capacity is of no advantage."

VIII. To Mr. O'Hara we leave every deck in Segal Hall, although used for several years they are still in working order, providing you wet your thumb.

IX. To "Dutch" Groman we leave that celebrated travel book, "See America First."

X. To Mr. Young we leave a chart illustrating Deaf and Dumb means of expressing thought. Now he can make himself understood even if women are present.

XI. To Mr. Kraft we leave a Beechnut grove from which he can pick his favorite fruit.

XII. To our classmates remaining as P. G.'s we leave the profitable positions of Sunday night head waiters. Remember "Shimmel: God helps those that help themselves," and you Otto, remember that Bible saying: "Feed thy dumb animals before thy refreshest thyself."

XIII. To the coming Senior Class (don't let the number scare you), we leave the responsibility of leading all Farm School activities thru a successful year.

XIV. To "Mitz" Brauman we leave the "Tzance" of using his brain and brawn for the school.

XV. To Kloss we leave a collection of wise cracks which he has the privilege to say are original.

XVI. To Masters we leave the job of official mail man.

XVII. To Sneiderman we leave a noble name and reputation.

XVIII. To Eskin we leave a book entitled: "Gaining a Pound a Day by Christian Science."

XIX. To Willie Schorr, who claims he covers more ground than anybody else in Farm School, we leave a pair of shoes which are not to be used until he goes on a farm of his own. Then when he doesn't wear them he can use them as box stalls.

XX. To Gladney we leave all trapping rights in the school. You can do as you please with your skins Gladney, but never, never bring a skunk skin in Segal Hall.

XXI. To Regelson we leave a position which he can

get as soon as he graduates, that of taster in a scrapple factory.

XXII. To the Junior Class to be, whose hearts are beating expectantly for that happy moment when they enter the ranks of upper classmen, we leave the class of twenty-five. Remember Juniors, "a stitch in time saves nine."

XXIII. To Diamond we leave our pet turtle. When out walking with it, Benny dear, hold tight to a fence or tree or you will be pulled off your feet.

XXIV. To Oppenheimer we leave a hat which is not injured by stretching.

XXV. To the incoming freshman class we leave Fox's overcoat which they can cut up and use as football togs or for any purpose they desire.

XXVI. To the rest of the school whom we have overlooked, we leave everything else that is left after we are gone.

As the administrators of this, our last will and testament we leave the next Senior Class.

Now we, the Class of '22 having done our duty to the school and to our heirs, do hereby sign our names to this testament.

In witness thereof we have affixed our seals to this will on February 22, 1922.

SKINEM N. CHETE, C. M. SQUIRM,
Notary Publics.

SOME THINGS THAT WILL NEVER AGAIN HAPPEN IN FARM SCHOOL

Frishkopf making another announcement.

Snyder making another touchdown.

Rabinowitz going to the dentist.

Blumer driving Buck and Brownie.

Berlack escorting Miss C. to the movies.

Toffler telling another good joke.

Yulke losing another argument.

Schulster shooting rats.

Ring rooming with Krivy.

Kiesling driving the tractor.

Towner pulling legs.

Langer trapping skunks.

Goldenbaum getting another demerit.

Morris visiting Iron Hill.

Gelles skipping details.

Fleischman getting sent from class.

OUR SENIORS

PRETTY HANDY

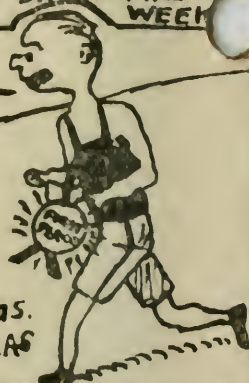


DON'THA BELIEVE IT
TONY- CRAFT SAY
IT AINT SO-ETC.
ETC.

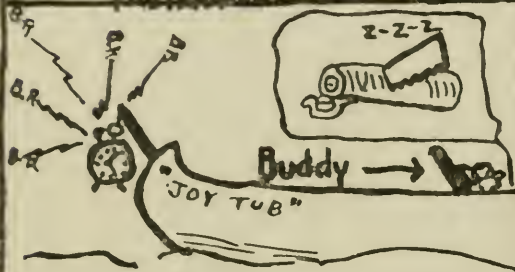


Whispering
"SAM"

I KIN DO THIS
ANY DAY IN THE
WEEK



Tobias.
GELLAS



Buddy- his canoe & alarm clock



P.G.'S CASTLE

"See, Att, How I
Handle these chicks
You'll Never be a
poultryman like
me.?"



FRESHMAN
COMING

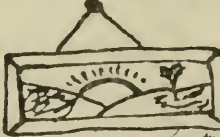


SENIOR
GOING



EVERYBODY
UP!
COME ON
YOUR LATE!

Aw Lemme
sleep



Class Prophecy

By EDWARD L. RING

Lost Angels, California 1940.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

It was February 22 and outside of my country estate in Hollywood the wind was blowing a gale, and the snow was falling. It was unusual for snow to fall in California and it brought back memories of the last winter which I had spent at the National Farm School. All the boys were then counting the hours, the meals, the number of classes till the day when Mr. Ostrolenk and Dr. Krauskopf shook hands with us and bid us a fond farewell. Before we matriculated we all said we would never see the old farm again, and neither horses or aeroplanes could drag us back. Thus as I recalled the reminiscences, it all came back, where we used to go swimming in the lake we built; the quiet class meetings, and the dining room where we would gather three times daily to say grace and eat what? Who knows? where was Tony and Kid Shnaaz, Gimmel Cohen, Rabinowitz, Dan F., Otto, Andy Gump and the rest of the bunch.

Acting on the impulse of the moment I gathered my henchmen—Spike Mazor—that clean-cut young man—and Krivie and told them of my thoughts and immediately we started spreadin' our stuff. We decided unanimously to take a trip around the U. S. and hunt up our classmates. We packed our neckties, socks and pajamas (except Spike—he wears overalls) and caught the first train East. We caught the Canarsie Limited, which makes only one stop and that is "Worcester," Mass. Remembering that Rabinowitz and Cohen lived in the hamlet we tried to locate them. While walking up the village highway (they had no street cars there) Spike got thirsty and he went into the bar room for a drink of liquid air. Almost immediately we heard a shout and thought Spike got into one of his friendly arguments with some poor halfwit. We ran to his aid and lo and behold (Spike was hugging Rabinowitz enough to squeeze the false teeth out of his face.) So Rabinowitz had descended to the business of bartender, quite a difference from that of orchardist which he had planned at school. We greeted him effusively and after a long talk he led us into the City Hall and there in the private office of the mayor sat Gimmel Cohen. He had carried the last elections by a 39 majority being supported by the Swedes and Irish. After a how-de-do and a little talk we took

leave of Rabinowitz and Gimmel and started for New York. On the way as we looked thru the car window we saw a big sign "Epicurean Farms, Sam Fleischman, Gen. Manager, Branch No. 3, Greenwich Village, New York. Breeders of Holzberg Cows—Berkman's Hogs—Schambo Mules—Bulldogs—White Mice—Brown Owls. M'f'rs of Butter—Milk and Eggs. Mr. Ben Yulke, Ass't Breeder. There was no doubt in mind as to who the Sam Yulke and Ben Fleischman were—they were the only ones, the originals.

We reached New York in safety and were getting off the train when who should grab our handbags but Solly Ullman. I stopped in my tracks and stared. It was he with the same old sleepy look. We got talking and reminding each other of the good times we had at our chicken and corn roasts and I felt sorry that the poor boy should have become a porter. But he was still the same old warm-blooded Hebrew so I gave him a job out in California where he could keep warm. We got into a taxi and as the driver stepped on the gas to take us to the Wallop and Pastem Hotel, we had to stop. A big cop opened the door and started to bawl us out. He looked and we looked and he looked, we looked again and then his jaw fell in surprise. Who was it—one guess folks. It was Lou Fox a cop. Instead of raising chickens on the farm, he was raising H—l on B'way and 42nd St. He started to bawl us out but soon shut up when he saw who was in the taxi. Yeh! our taxi carried spare tires the two that were on the wheels in the air as we went around the corner.

We arrived at the Wallopem and Pastem Hotel and walked into the brightly lighted lobby and towards the desk to register and there stood the old Pastanack Bros. Wallopem and Pastem, the famous dumbell boys. They stood behind the desk dressed to kill, looking like a bunch of dukes or butchers. Of course we got the best rooms. And as we entered the restaurant we heard "The Crap Shooters Ball" the latest "Razz Song" played on the violin and there was Schulster, the leader of the Famous Black Boys Razz Band." We started yapping and soon I found out that "Goldenbaum" was manufacturer of bath tubs and rubber stoppers. Langer had by this time taken over his father's cigar business and was poisoning the populace with his 20 for 5c Cinco's. Krisher was still bootlegging; taking up this occupation after failing in the pursuit of agriculture. He sent me a bottle of the best varnish you ever tasted—3 years ago. Zelanko was run-

ning a sanitarium for run down and nervous people and was doing a rushing business. Mike Frishkopf was having his ups and downs—he was running an elevator in the Woolworth Building. He still has to rise to the pinch of his success.

Well we started for Philadelphia after a few days and arrived there safely. Going to the hotel in a taxi we had an accident; our driver must have been asleep, because we hit a big beer truck and the next thing I knew I was hung on a lamp post with a tire on my neck and something flying past me—it looked like a man but no it was only Scootch Cirotti—that noisy little wop—the pride of Miss Churchman. Spike Mazor and Krivie were stretched on their backs and just coming to. Spike was brought back to consciousness by a drink of "White Mule." He only fainted 18 times after that. Then he tried to stand up and thought he was standing, but he was laying down all the time. We gathered around Scootch and soon made him our guide to show us around the city. First stop was Seventh and the avenue where we found our friend "Toby" Gelles, a manager of prize fighters. Having such boys as "Kid Oches," "Kid Nebuch" and Joe Leedes under his wing. Leedes out of his last 150 bouts won once. He is doing fine, Oh my yes! Gelles and Leedes were very much pleased to see us and immediately they arranged for a big banquet to be attended by all our former classmates that lived around Philadelphia.

At last the night of the banquet arrived and everyone was present—Leedes, Robbins, Kiesling, Cirotti, Rubenstein Toffler, Gelles, Towner, Lew Fonash, Patsy Goldfield, Wenger, Blumer and Buddy Aukburg. We had a most wonderful reunion. It reminded me of a breakfast we got one morning near graduation day at N. F. S. We swapped stories and in this way I learned what all the boys were doing.

Robbins had his own farm near Chalfont and was raising cows, chickens, kids and everything. He had abducted the beloved Jennie and had got hitched. He always said two could live as cheaply as one. But he doesn't look it.

Kiesling manufactured rubber balls. He became very successful because he had a good pull with the mayor. He had the highest bouncing balls in the country.

Rubenstein was just finishing a history entitled, "The Life of Mendel Bailess or the Cause and Effects of Rheumatism."

Toffler was the sexton of Cohen's Reformed Church,

where he wrote jokes for "Life" to keep up a reputation.

Lew Foreman swings a mean hodful of mortar. He was a contractor and was rising in his business. From the first to the second floor.

Towner and Buddy were together in business as mechanics of tractors, automobiles and aeroplanes.

Goldfeld was running a fruit stand on South street, being supplied with strawberries right from his farm in Jersey.

Wenger and Blumer were now in the undertaking business. Wenger knew all about "stiff legs" when he went to National School Farm.

It was decided at the banquet that we were to get to the school the next day and challenge their football team for we had with us that night Gelles, Potsy, Wenger, Spike, Krivie, Leedes, Robbins, Towner. We arrived at Farm School the next day and who met us at the station but Snitz Snyder, who was professor in Jewish and Profanity. He was another addition to our football team. Mack Paris was director we were told and was ruling with an iron hand forgetting the Socialism that he preached when he was a student. He allowed two vacations each year—for six months each. No chapel—no military drill. Mr. Campbell was in charge of Farm No. 1. We played the game in the afternoon and as was expected with such a gang of former stars—we taught them a lesson to the score of 220-2. Kid Schnaaz was in his glory—straight-arming, swearing and raising Cain to his heart's content. Everyone else played a good game, the same as way back in '21.

The school is changed greatly. It is now a college, a co-ed college with girls. If we had "goils" at the school in our time the Director would have a hard time stopping us from becoming P. G's. But the boys are having a good time there now. There are modern up-to-date barns, buildings and equipment. Mr. Hyam Kraft is there, he is still in the prime of life, just having turned "nigh on 103." He means well but the old boy "ain't on the shelf yet;" he is too proud to hand over the lines to Dutch Groman. Howard F. Young is Professor of Language and has written many books on rhetoric and composition. His latest book is "With Jennie on the Susquehanna Trail."

When Spike saw all the women, you can guess what happened. Yes, he appointed himself matron; he never could see the girls lonely. Well finally, we left Farm School and got started on our way back to dear old California. We got on the train for Chicago and got set-



1921 BASEBALL TEAM

Top row, left to right—Rubenstein, Manager; Sandford, Banon, Abromowitz, Rabinowitz,
Fleishman, Mr. Campbell, Coach.

Sitting—Krivonos, Landau, Bennett, Leedes, Capt. Snyder, Zinn, Gelles.



OUR FACULTY

STANDING: C. J. TOOR, J. C. CAMPBELL, M. A. CASSIDY, R. REICHLE,
H. SCHMEIDER.
SEATED: MESSRS. O. STANGEL, B. OSTROLENK, DIRECTOR; W. H. BOSWELL,
H. F. YOUNG.

bled comfortably when some one came along yelling, "Peanuts, popcorn, chewing gum, licorice, rubber balls and all kinds candy." He stopped a moment and I saw his face. I got the awfulest shock imaginable, it was nobody else but dear old "Nigger" Berlack, a candy butcher. He was traveling north and south. But he should have worn stripes running east and west. We got talking and he told me that Newton Weiss was down in Cuba bossing a gang of "dinges" He had lots of experience at Howard's. The Brigadier could sure teach him how to handle "niggers."

We rode along and as I walked into the "smoker" I heard a loud discussion between a couple of wild looking Bolsheviki and whose voice was the loudest but John Spargo Rothstein. He was orating on money. He had very few of these. He was saying:

"Money, the friend of the Masses
Support of the classes
The aim of the lasses
The ruin of Asses."

I walked up and told him to shut up. He said: "What, am I a jackass?" and I replied, "No, your ears are too long." Anyway John stopped and we talked kindly of old times at Farm School till we reached Chicago. Being interested in live stock we went over the stockyard and on entering I was surprised to see Corenzwit walking towards us. He didn't recognize us at first but I called to him and he was as much surprised as I was. Later I learned that "Art" Schorr was working in the Bull Dept. I said, "How will I find him?" Corenzwit replied, "You can tell him—he's still throwing the Bull." Well, we didn't see "Art" Schorr. We stopped at the Grand Canyon and learned that Walter Morris was chief forest ranger in this park. Well, we got back to California just in time to see the U. of California play Notre Dame of which Zinn was the coach in which line he won great fame. Well both teams were evenly matched and the game ended with a score of 0-0. Upon seeing us he nearly jumped for joy, we being the only old timers he had seen in twenty years.

We got back safe and sound and after a trip we went to Hawaii to recuperate. It took us twenty minutes to get Spike off the ship, but it took four weeks to get him back on. Oh, "Spike," to have such a way with the women.

Yours insanely,

I. M. A. PROPHET.

Haledictory

By MICHAEL FRISHKOPF

Ladies and Gentlemen:

"Crystal the skies bend above us,
Perfumed the earth and the air;
What can our friends tho they love us,
Give us than school days more fair."

In a somewhat humorous and jolly strain, have my classmates given you the time honored traditional Class Will, Prophecy and other orations. They have expressed in them the spirit of the three years of happy associations. The jocular side of these close associations has had its place, by no means a negligible one, in our three years stay here. You have had your hearty laugh, laugh heartily once more now if you wish, while I pause to give you a final and serious message—the official farewell of the nineteen twenty-two class.

Now let us be serious. We stand at the threshold, which once passed relegates our Farm School career to the unchangeable past and opens the door to a bright and promising future. What this future holds for us we cannot predict. But we have the confidence of a thorough agricultural education received here, during three of the best and most receptive years of our lives. The firm assurance is ours that the purpose for which we spent these three valuable years is a noble one. The world has a place for us to fit into. There maybe too many doctors, lawyers, ministers and middleman, but the world can never have too many farmers!

Our three years of Farm School life have left certain very vivid impressions with us which we feel that we will always cherish as sacred. Loyalty to our Alma Mater has been engraven on our hearts. Every future spring and harvest will bring to our minds the glorious Green and Gold. The pleasant associations, the distinctive social life, the dumb animals which we have fed and cared for, we cannot forget. The beauty and charm of the campus, the woods, the lake, the fields, the roads, the barns, all these will loom up in our memories with every mention of the name of Farm School. For the impressions of our classrooms, the liberal education we received, the work in the fields, the stick-to-it-iveness imparted to us in all our activities, we will always feel grateful. All these impressions as well as numerous

others too fine to be expressed, but which can only be felt, will influence our lives and careers.

Let us stop at this point and ask ourselves the question: To whom do we owe all these benefits? The honored name and inspiring personality of the founder of the school immediately suggests itself to us. To you Dr. Krauskopf, for your splendid efforts and sacrifices in our behalf, goes forth our deepest gratitude and affection. To the Board of Directors, the Ladies Board and many friends of the school we express our sincere thanks for the opportunities they have opened to us. Particularly to the Ladies' Board do we offer this expression of our gratitude for their assistance in our social life. The faculty, the governor, the director have been more closely associated with us. No words can express our regard for them. A sense of comradeship and friendly affection for them will always remain with us.

Just a message to the underclassmen, who will at this time a year or two hence stand on this pedestal. You have yet another fleeting year or two to complete your course, before you join the ever-growing alumni. Realize your opportunities and take advantage of them. You are old enough to know the right from the wrong; create a healthy, right-spirited environment. We rely on you to carry on the traditions and organizations of our Alma Mater. Set a high standard for your social life, for the Gleaner, the Athletic Association and the other organizations which we leave in your hands. This is our message to you, 1923 and 1924.

Individuals of this graduating class will remain with you. We will also visit you whenever possible. But as the united class of 1922, our last word to all who remain and to our Alma Mater is GOOD-BYE.

OLD N. F. S.

(Tune, Peggy O'Neil)

If you wonder who we are,
We're N. F. S.

If you wonder who will win,
Why—N. F. S.

If someone asks you how they can play,
Do they know football, why—you can just say:
Our team is full of pep, we sure have got the rep,
We're N. F. S.

ARCHIE TOFFLER, '22.

Personals

AUKBURG, DAVID—"Michael Angelo doesn't even compare with this budding artist."

Aged 21, Philadelphia.

Senior Year—A. A. Manager, president of Nature Club, treasurer of Senior Class first half, Art Editor of the Gleaner.

Junior Year—Put up from '23 Class.

BERLACK, BURTON—"A gentleman from the South."

Age 18, Jacksonville, Fla.

Senior Year—Tennis manager, numeral for Varsity football, Agricultural Editor of the Gleaner.

Junior Year—Candy manager, class football and baseball.

Freshman Year—Class football manager, Fife and Drum Corps.

BLUMER, CASPER—"Good in class, and a good business man."

Age 21, Philadelphia.

Senior Year—A. A. business manager.

Freshman Year—Class treasurer. Two year man.

CIROTTI, TONY—"Farm School's one and only reliable wop."

Age 21, Philadelphia.

Senior Year—Class Auctioneer.

COHEN, SIMON LOUIS—"There's very little about prize bull's pedigrees, that he doesn't know."

Age 19, Worcester, Mass.

Senior Year—Chosen as P. G. of Farm No. 1.

Junior Year—Class football manager.

FLEISHMAN, SAMUEL—"His opinions always will be heard."

Age 19, New York City.

Senior Year—Varsity baseball.

Junior Year—Class baseball and Assistant Candy Manager.

FORMAN, LOUIS—"The biggest little boss in the school."

Age 21, Philadelphia.

Senior Year—Monitor in greenhouse.

FOX, LEWIS I—"He incubated chickens and hatched out ducks."

Age 20, New York City.

Senior Year—Class president, president of Liter-

ary Society, president of Dramatic Society and Glee Club, Dance Committee, First Lieutenant in Cadet Corps.

Junior Year—Put up from '23 Class.

Freshman Year—Member of Student Council, Cheer Leader, class baseball.

FRISHKOPF, MICHAEL—"He wields a pen as though it were a plow."

Age 21, New York City.

Senior Year—Vice president first half, Editor-in-Chief of the Gleaner, president of Zionist Society, Head Librarian, valedictorian, A. A. Garden manager.

Junior Year—Alumni and Exchange Editor. of the Gleaner, vice president, class football.

Freshman Year—Class football and secretary-treasurer.

GELLES, TOBIAS—"A big fellow with a big heart."

Age 19, Philadelphia.

Senior Year—Varsity baseball and football, coach of Freshman football team.

Junior Year—Varsity football, class president, captain class football, class baseball.

Freshman Year—Class football and baseball.

GOLDENBAUM, SAMUEL—"His zest and zeal will make him one of the world's foremost musicians."

Age 18, New York City.

Senior Year—Alumni Editor of the Gleaner.

Junior Year—Drummer in orchestra.

Freshman Year—Orchestra, class football.

GOLDFELD, JACK—"If he farms as well as he sings, success is his."

Age 19, Philadelphia.

Senior Year—Varsity football.

Junior Year—Varsity football and class football.

Freshman Year—Class football.

KIESLING, LOUIS—"The features of his face foretell, the reason he is liked so well."

Age 20, Philadelphia.

Senior Year—Secretary of Class.

KRISHER, HARRY—"Works for exercise and philosophises for a pastime."

Senior Year—Class Treasurer, A. A. Candy, Manager, Literae Editor Gleaner, writer of Class Will.

Junior Year—Class treasurer.

KRIVONAS, ABRAHAM—"There's nothing about football or baseball worth knowing, that he doesn't know."

Age 18, Cleveland, O.

Senior Year—A. A. Candy manager, Varsity baseball, Varsity football.

Junior Year—Varsity baseball, class baseball and football.

Freshman Year—Class football and baseball.

LANGER, ARTHUR—"One of the future Dairymen's League presidents."

Age 20, New York City.

Senior Year—Official milk tester.

LEEDES, JOSEPH—"Sleeping beauty—but very graceful."

Age 19, Philadelphia.

Senior Year—Captain Varsity baseball, Athletic Editor of the Gleaner.

Junior Year—Varsity baseball, class football and baseball.

Freshman Year—Varsity baseball, class football and baseball.

MAZOR, MORRIS—"Study? and sleeping thru details, his favorite pastime."

Age 20, New York City.

Senior Year—Chief motion picture operator, Varsity football, Class Auctioneer.

Junior Year—Class football.

MORRIS, WALTER—"He's little but he's not small."

Age 18, Buffalo, N. Y.

Senior Year—Class secretary, Class and Clubs Editor of the Gleaner, secretary of Nature Club.

Junior Year—Manager of class baseball team, secretary of Literary Society.

PARIS, MAXWELL—"Sincerity is his keynote in work and class."

Age 22, New York City.

Senior Year—Class secretary.

Junior Year—Put up from '23 Class.

Freshman Year—Class president.

PASTANACK, ABRAHAM—

To this position he does aspire,

To be Mr. Campbell's assistant buyer.

Age 18, New York City.

PASTANACK, LOUIS—"The world's foremost authority on physical culture."

Age 19, New York City.

RABINOWITZ, HYMAN—"The Beau Brummel of Worcester."

Age 19, Worcester, Mass.

Senior Year—Class President first half, Varsity football.

Junior Year—Class president and class football

Freshman Year—Class football.

RING, LOUIS—"The only blind half back to play on a football team."

Age 19, Dorchester, Mass.

Senior Year—Official Reporter, member of Welfare Committee.

Junior Year—Class football.

Freshman Year—Class Prophet.

ROBBINS, SAMUEL—

He in our memory will forever stand,

Always with an outstretched helping hand.

Age 18, Philadelphia.

Senior Year—Varsity football, member of Welfare Committee.

Junior Year—Varsity football, class football and baseball, treasurer Zionist Society.

Freshman Year—Class football.

ROTHSTEIN, DAVID—"He is too frail and delicate to be made the victim of our remarks."

Senior Year—Member of Welfare Committee, coach of Freshman baseball team, secretary of Political Science Club.

Junior Year—Put up from '23 Class.

Freshman Year—Class president.

RUBENSTEIN, CHARLES—"He is always doing—nothing."

Age 19, Norristown, Pa.

Senior Year—Manager of Varsity baseball.

Junior Year—Assistant Candy manager.

SCHORR, ARTHUR M.—

This chap is a pal of mine,

Where'er you go you'll see him shine.

Age 21, Chicago, Ill.

Senior Year—Vice President, Salutatorian, Business Manager of Gleaner, chairman of Welfare Committee.

Junior Year—Advanced from '23 Class.

Freshman Year—Class secretary, manager of class football team.

SCHULSTER, LOUIS—"The cause of riots in Se-gal Hall can be traced to this handsome face.

Age 21, New York City.

Junior Year—Varsity baseball, class football and baseball.

Freshman Year—Class football and member of orchestra.

SNYDER, STANLEY—

Snitz like a soldier, as a rule,
Had the spirit to do or die,
When fighting for his dear Farm School.

Age 21, Easton, Pa.

Senior Year—President of Athletic Association, Varsity football, Varsity baseball.

Junior Year—Varsity baseball and football, class president, class football and baseball.

Freshman Year—Varsity football and class football, class president.

TOFFLER, ARCHIE—

For three full years we laughed with glee
At all his jokes, for many had he.

Age 17, Atlantic City, N. J.

Senior Year—Jokes Editor of the Gleaner, chairman of Social Committee, member of Welfare Committee, official milk tester.

Junior Year—Jokes Editor of the Gleaner, class baseball, class secretary, secretary of Athletic Association, Assistant Candy Manager, milk tester.

Freshman Year—Class baseball, Assistant Candy Manager, writer of Personals.

TOWNER, WILLIAM—"He showed his mechanical ability when young, by taking his father's watch apart."

Age 19, Port Murray, N. J.

Senior Year—Manager of football Varsity.

Junior Year—Vice president of Athletic Association.

ULLMAN, SOLOMON—"He crawls, but gets there just the same."

Age 19, New York City.

Senior Year—Varsity football.

Junior Year—Class football, vice president.

Freshman Year—Class football.

WEISS, NEWTON E.—"He invented Newton's fourth law of motion but not the other three."

Senior Year—Monitor of Farm No. 3.

Junior Year—Class football.

WENGER, OTTO—"A mighty fine chap and a true friend of everybody."

Age 21, Switzerland.

Senior Year—Captain of Varsity football, Post Graduate No. 4 Farm.

Junior Year—Varsity football. Put up from '23 Class.

YULKE, BARNETT—"He has never made a mistake and is always right?"

Age 20, New York City.

Senior Year—Associate Editor-in-Chief of Gleaner, Class Poet.

Junior Year—Member of Student Council, Assistant Business of the Gleaner, class football.

Freshman Year—Class secretary, class Historian.

ZELANKO, IRVING—"Our own chronological kicker."

Age 18, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LEWIS I. FOX.

LEST WE FORGET

L. Zeller	W. Crittenden
P. Feder	D. Miller
H. Kadansky	D. Moore
F. Stipp	A. Kaplan
A. Beller	D. Kaplan
J. Reiff	I. Iger
M. Krause	J. Iger
D. Hill	M. Gomberg
L. Arss	D. Finger
A. Apple	H. Eliasberg
E. Hecsh	H. Solemensky
M. Steiner	M. Friend
A. Berman	C. Delameter
R. Hayes	T. Weiner
L. Goldstein	L. Marks
M. Seidman	M. Mechanic
W. Fuhman	A. Kotzen
R. Harrison	D. Schwartz
J. Ross	D. Davidson
G. Crowell	L. Leimburg
C. Rosett (deceased)	

Freshman and Senior

(Freshie)

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

(Senior)

Scintillate, scintillate, luminous constellation,
Interrogatively I question your constituent elements,
In your prodigious altitude above our terrestrial sphere,
Similar to a carbonaceous isonicatic in the celestial firmament.

Class Poem

Welcome boys—with cheers on high
Tonight we sing our joyous cry—
We greet ourselves classmates true
And unfurl our banner, Maroon and Blue.

Let us cheer as our flag does soar
Higher, higher, with united roar,
Above each head of Class, '22,
United in one 'neath Maroon and Blue.

For whom does our banner so gloriously wave?
Triumphantly with the wind our honor save,
Who are its fighters as time does pass—
But revealing themselves, the '22 Class.

As freshies we entered the National Farm School.
We knew not a thing and they all called us fools—
We were biffed and banged and slammed around,
And thru it all never made a sound.

When Juniors we were, we desired to be learned.
And much to our chagrin—to Young's we so-
 journd.
We welcomed the freshies and won both our
 games,
And had many heroes not mentioning names.

In Senior year we acted our parts
Drove tractors, teams and not Dorey ala carts,
We made as our class motto the slogan of "Do."
And lived up to it, so let's give a loud "Hitchy
 Koo."

That is all our three years proud
Truly revealed 'midst laughter loud,
Six and thirty upholders of Maroon and Blue,
True loyal sons of nineteen twenty-two.
 ARCHIE TOFFLER.





BURTON BERLACK, Editor.

THE LANDSCAPE OF FARM SCHOOL

"Tho' there are schools that are mighty fine,
There's but one to whom I'm true."

The Reading Railroad boasts of nothing distinctive over its Doylestown branch. The journey is slow and tedious. The train stops at every "lamp post and telegraph pole," so to speak. One gets tired of reading in the papers about disarmament, murders, scandals and rise and fall of stocks and bonds, and so looks out of the window for relief. The calm and peace of the country's open fields and patches of woods please the eye. One falls into a contented, restful mood. Here a range of greenhouses or a pretty landscape or one of the stations attract the attention. Thus traveling, the eye is greeted by a sign, in white on the wall of a red barn, which reads:

THE NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL

SCHOENFELD FARM NO. 1

The interest thus aroused, one looks closer. The farm house, with its blue and white sign—ZIONIST HALL, the long poultry, the nursery, the dormitories, post office and station, barns and orchards are passed in rapid succession. Mayhap here and there a group of boys working in the fields, or a herd of cattle leisurely grazing further impresses the stranger that this must be quite an institution.

Arriving in Doylestown, the inquisitive stranger asks a friend about this Farm School. The friend is surprised at the newcomer's ignorance. An arrangement is made for a visit to the school at a near date.

The sun is shining in all its splendor as the bus speeds on its way along the State Road. To the right stretches a valley, sloping up until it reaches the horizon and leaves to the imagination the world beyond. On the left a hill and then Burpee's woods shuts off the view. As this woods is passed the ground begins to level down. A row of houses appears to the right, and to the left appears what one recognizes immediately as another view

of Farm School. The faces of the dormitories and the domestic hall are revealed. The soothing expanse of the wide, open lawns, the neat tennis courts, athletic field, and rows of stately elms, perennial borders and shrubbery masses, blending the buildings with their surroundings, have a bewildering effect upon the stranger. Whence came all this? he asks his friend, who patiently explains how a certain Rabbi, imbued with the ideal of bringing the city boy back to the farm thru a free and thorough agricultural education, worked bravely and tirelessly against odds, with this splendid institution as a result. How slowly, by the works of various students, who had since graduated, under the direction of capable professors, the physical beauties and social atmosphere had been evolved, and was still progressing.

An obliging student, noticing the pair, offers his services in showing them around. We will not follow them thru the various dormitories, barns and greenhouses. In Nursery Lane, with its long, neatly-trimmed hedges, the imposing evergreen bed, the ivy-covered memorial arches, the snow-white hydrangea bed, with the various shrubs and bushes on either side of the hedges, we find them passing out upon what was an unsightly thicket, but what is now a blooming potato field. Going along the edge of the large geometrically laid out apple orchard, the group comes to Patriot's Grove, with its young, stately evergreens, in honor of those who made the supreme sacrifice in the late war. From there they enter a cool stretch of woods and emerge on the west side in full view of their destination—Feather Bed hill. They pass Lake Meadow, sparkling in the mid-day sun. One is almost impelled to stop and take a swim in its inviting waters.

Farm No. 3, with the plain, unimposing house of the superintendent, the little vegetable garden, the neat stall for the massive stallion, Nervin, the spick and span appearance of all the farm buildings speak well for the man who manages this farm. Past an old apple orchard and up Feather Bed hill, lined with nicely-trimmed memorial trees, we finally find the party resting on top of the hill in the shade of the woods after their long promenade.

As the stranger looks back upon the distance already covered and the natural beauty in the fields and woods below and the man-built edifices blending with the verdure and charm of the surroundings by means of masses of shrubbery relieving the bluntness of the corners, a gasp of wonder and amazement escapes from his lips. The stranger praises highly the men responsible

for this creation, as he scans the panorama of the entire institution from their point of vantage. Farm No. 3 and the lake are visible in all their splendor, with their background of woods. On the left can be seen the Main Barn with its towering silos. Nearer and in the same direction can be seen the apple and peach orchards. Nearly the whole of the school can be seen from the top of the hill. The long expanse of the greenhouse reflects the shining sun. In the rear of the greenhouses can be seen the rows of evergreens that act as windbreaks for them. A large triangular lawn stretches up towards the buildings. To the left of the triangular lawn are some scattered spireas. Through these the ivy-covered Penn and Segal Halls may be faintly seen.

Stepping down the hill a few yards, a view of Farm No. 1 is revealed. The school roads can be easily discerned by the long lines of memorial and festive trees which adorn their edges, while at the same time perpetuating the memory of departed friends. The railroad is seen dividing the school in two parts. A passing train, the setting sun and an accentuated appetite, remind the stranger of supper. Slowly the three return back to the campus. The student tells them of Farm No. 4. He relates the traditions, social life, curriculum and various facts about the school. The stranger, being well satisfied with the knowledge he has acquired, they start on their way back to Doylestown. As they reach the turning of the road, the stranger looks back and remarks to his friend, "This is a beautiful, small world in itself, turning out producers for the bigger world of mankind. All honor to the noble souls that have made this possible."

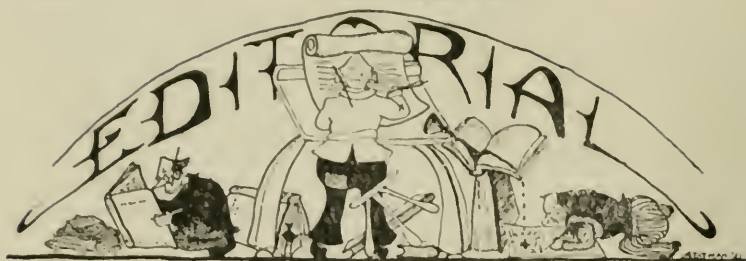
MICHAEL FRISHKOPF, '22.

FARM WORK

There is little work being done at the present time, the larger part of the work being concentrated on the horticulture and the poultry. The poultry is now ready for incubation. The hens have been culled and the best ones placed with the roosters. The eggs from these were then saved and placed in our large incubators. The horticulture is getting ready for the spring planting of vegetables.

The Holstein cows have been removed from Farm No. 1, the barns have been cleaned and disinfected and a new Guernsey herd has been placed there. Everybody pitched in, and both of our ice houses were filled in double quick time. 1921 has been a very successful season for the school, and we hope that 1922 will be the same.

BERLACK, '22.



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 BARNET YULKE Assistant Editor

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 Literae HARRY KRISHER
 Class and Clubs WALTER MORRIS
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THE SCIENTIFIC HICK

Besides the formal title: "Commencement Number," this issue has also been named the "Scientific Hick" issue. The reason for this goes back to our freshman year when the idea of publishing a Senior Annual was conceived. In our Senior year a great deal of actual work was done towards the realization of this annual. The realization never came, due chiefly to lack of funds. It remains for some future class to accomplish this Senior Annual.

Some of the material, pictures, cartoons and ideas were originally intended for this annual. In justice to those who worked for this annual and whose efforts are going for the improvement of this "Gleaner," this issue is named "THE SCIENTIFIC HICK" issue and "Commencement Number."

Editor & Staff of the "Scientific Hick.

A GOOD GLEANER

It is generally granted that the "Gleaners" issued under the outgoing twenty-one staff have been exceptionally good. It is in no spirit of self-praise therefore that we give some of the reasons for this apparent success.

It is not for us to say that the editors have been good, we leave that for our readers to judge. But we can say that a good editor should be absolutely impartial and should not allow personal grievances to enter in his selection of material for publication. He should judge the material solely upon its literary and substantial value.

An editor (everybody for that matter) should be "on the square" in his dealings with the students and the Editor-in-Chief. He should not resort to underhanded methods to gain his ends. The outgoing Editor-in-Chief is happy to say that the majority of the staff have been honorable and above board in their dealings towards him. The few who have not are cheerfully forgiven. We hope they have realized their mistake.

Attention to duty and promptness in handing in material also go to make up a good editor. Incidentally these things contribute towards "a good Gleaner."

Most important of all however, in our estimation, is harmony among the staff. We can justly pride ourselves, that in spite of very serious obstacles, we have kept the same staff thruout the entire year. There have been several additions for deserving work, but there has been no firing. The Editor-in-Chief has had to use a great deal of forbearance, to preserve this harmony, but the results of this policy are evident in the "Gleaners" that were published.

To the student body whose co-operation is also necessary, to our graduates and other subscribers, to our advertisers and friends, we wish to express our thanks for their liberal support of our publication. That they may continue their support, thus paving the way for the next staff to publish a better and worthier "Gleaner" is the earnest message of the retiring staff.

ED.

THE GREEN AND THE GOLD

We, the students of the National Farm School, have been just a little bit criticized by some of our friends and rivals for choosing this color of green, too often associated with ignorance, rawness, immaturity and unsophistication. But, we feel as we ponder upon the deeper signi-

ficance that it has to us, that it needs not one word of apology. Surely, the color that is good enough for the national emblem of such a brave and brilliant people as those of the Emerald Isle, is good enough, even for so marvelous and wonderful a school of individuals as ours.

The green has, from the very beginning of color analysis, stood as the symbol of freshness and youth.

In the springtime when the little blades of grass first peep above the dark sod, how welcome they are for their fresh message of approaching spring and when later the little leaves of the trees burst forth from their dark shell and peep out into the world, how everybody greets them with delight as a sign that spring is near!

We, as students will soon be peeping our heads out into the world like the grass or leaf. We too, have been hidden in a sheltered nook, during our period of making ready, from all the cold of a world's many winters, but at last we feel the approach of life's springtime, we hear the call of the awakening new life. And we push from our sheltering shell out into the world carrying within ourselves the memory of fresh faces, fresh hearts and fresh ideas into the old affairs of active life that certainly must often feel the seed of rejuvenation of young blood, and the inspiration of fresh, eager talent.

Blending with this Green, that means so much, the rich Gold of pure value, and true, honest sterling worth, the color of the sunshine, the symbol of harvest and the omen of all glory. What grander colors could this Farm School have? What better colors could we wish to attach to our banner as we march forth into the crowded thoro-fares to perform our sacred missions to humanity?

ARCHIE TOFFLER, '22.

THREE YEARS' ACCOMPLISHMENT

Classes may come and classes may go but Farm School goes on forever. The class of 1922 entered three years ago and now is leaving. In the wake of our path are left certain things that are credited to us.

First of all as Freshmen because of our large class most of the work on Young's Lake was done by us. In our Junior year a thicket that had been tackled each year and then let go for other classes to subdue was conquered by us and this year we planted and reaped the harvest of our labor.

But the outstanding light is our Senior year which is successfully coming to a close. In the spring of the year, the first work was the building of the Faculty

Tennis Court which was completed inside of two months and was ready for Big Day. Something entirely new was put forth in the past Spring and Harvest Big Day parades. These two days will always be remembered by those of us who participated.

Our next thing to be done was the establishment of the new "James Work" Athletic Field. This step makes our diamond as good as any in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

The "Gleaners" this year have been so excellent that many contemporary papers and the faculty have highly complimented the Editor-in-Chief and his staff on their achievements.

Our football team this year was the best in the history of the school and the members, who were mostly Seniors, can point with pride to their enviable record.

In the course of the year eight dances have taken place and everyone was a huge success. The largest and best of all was the Hallowe'en and Masquerade Dance. It was an immense spectacle and Segal Hall was jammed.

At our Senior picnic last summer it was said by Mr. Toor, "That it was the best he had seen in the ten years he spent here." He admitted it was better than the 1916 class and that's going some.

Through Mr. Ostrolenk's generous offer of \$50 for three prizes in oratory we were enabled to conduct an Oratorical Contest that entirely exceeded our highest expectations.

The biggest achievement however has been our physical and mental development which we received at this school. The agricultural and cultural education we have acquired, both theoretical and practical, has well fitted us for our future careers and for our life work.

Thus our stay in Farm School terminates and we leave our three years' accomplishments as a record to be aimed at by future classes.

LEWIS I. FOX.

FAREWELL

Our time at N. F. S. is up. The three years allotted to us are at an end, thus Father Time hath decreed. Our stay at this school has been a pleasant one to all of us. However, let us see what benefits we have derived from our stay here, and what things have been inculcated into our minds. In order to show this, I must make a hasty review of the subjects which we have been taught here,

some of which we have successfully conquered in whole, others in part.

In the class rooms we have learned how to take care of, breed, and doctor all live stock; history and cultivation of the various field crops; chemistry of the soil; operation on farm machinery, and ways and means of managing a farm. All of these we have put to practice on the various farms of the school. This knowledge seems to be a great feat, yet it is a small part of the vast knowledge of agriculture.

With this meager knowledge of farming and with the aid of Dame Experience, we set out to conquer the world. It is a hard task that we have undertaken and we must work hard to accomplish this. Let us offer our thanks to our founder Dr. Krauskopf, our Dean, Mr. Ostrolenk and the Faculty, for their untiring work to aid us in our life's profession. Let us show them that we have learned something from them and that their efforts were not spent in vain.

We are still under its roof today, but to-morrow we leave it for foreign ports. Alma Mater, we bid adieu to you. May you prosper and increase in your work of furnishing so great a knowledge to enable the world to produce more food and better men. May you teach the people to beat their swords into plow-shares and their spears into pruning hooks and enable them to make this world a fitting place to live in.

May you try this world to improve,
And turn brotherly hatred into perpetual love
And bring peace and good will upon this earth.
BARNETT YULKE, '22.

DETAIL BELLS

(With apologies to Thomas Moore.)

Those detail bells! those detail bells!
How many a tale their discord tells
Of school, and work, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those detail bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone—
That tuneless peal will still ring on;
And other boys shall walk these dells,
And curse your song, sweet detail bells.

B. BERLACK, '22.

Maroon and Blue

What is that which waves on high,
Looking out o'er the blue sky?
It is our banner, class of '22,
Its colors unsoiled, Maroon and Blue.

At the National Farm School, where we did dwell,
This banner is known only too well;
The memory it brings back of days of old,
Which we spent in the halls of the Green and Gold.

What pictures, Oh classmates, come to your mind,
As you do rest from your daily grind,
Of fights and battle sprees galore,
On the gridiron, diamond and Segal Hall floor.

Three full years have we abided here,
That went as fast as the ride of Paul Revere;
Picking up knowledge here and there,
A thing so precious, yet so rare.

We are now about to leave this school,
To conquer the world and try to rule;
To show what we have learned here,
In the classrooms of our Alma Mater so dear.

Now let us scan the personnel
Of our famous classmates whom we know so well;
Fox and Fleischman, the whispering two;
"Buddy" Aukburg and his famous canoe.

Ring, Snyder, and Krivonas three,
Always indulging in some deviltry;
Cirotti, Mazor and Pastanacs two,
To these four not a thing is new.

Frishkopf, Schorr and Krisher, the famous three,
Who know more of philosophy than you and me;
Toffler and Morris, always full of fun,
And "Hula" Schulster, the man behind the gun.

And, lo, before mine eyes, I observe
Goldenbaum and Zelanko, small yet full of nerve;
Here come Gelles and Ullman, the football men;
Rubenstein and Berlack, exploiters of the hen.

We have Rabinowitz the orchardist; Rothstein, with
the hoe,
And Louis Kiesling, the man with the dough—(baker);
Goldfeld, the strawberry magnate, and Forman, his friend,
Who raises cucumbers to supply Gimlet Bend.

As you read about the "Hall of Political Fame,"
You'll always be sure to see Paris's name;
And if thru the sport sheets you mayhap to scan,
You'll surely read of Leedes, our baseball man.

When it comes to electricity, Towner is best,
And Blumer as herdsman stands out o'er the rest;
We have Langer, one of the best A. R. testing men,
And "Piggy" Robbins and Weiss, who do things now and
then.

Last, but not least, the best of our class,
Cohen and Wenger, the P. G. caste,
Who'll endeavor to show what they can do
To uphold the standard of our colors so true.

We now bid farewell to you,
Oh loyal sons of the Maroon and Blue;
Let us try this world to improve,
And turn world hatred into perpetual love.

So wave on, fair banner, forever and aye,
That we may all stand up and say:
"We stand 'neath thy folds, brave and true,
Loyal defenders of the Maroon and Blue."

FAREWELL!

BARNETT YULKE, '22.

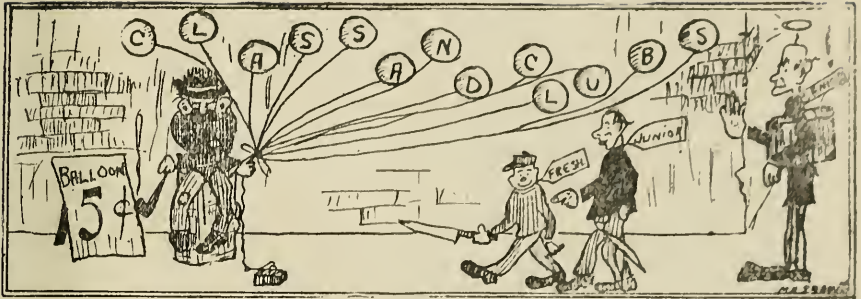
"There's the guy I'm laying for," said the hen as the
farmer passed the coop.

Teacher—"Give me a Scripture verse from the
Bible."

Willie—"And Judas went out and hanged himself."

Teacher—"Very Good. Give another."

Willie—"Go thou and do likewise."



WALTER MORRIS, Editor.

1923 CLASS

The dawn of February, '23, brings clear the dawn of a new school year to the National Farm School. It also means that the leadership goes into our hands. This year is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of our school, and we hope it will be a successful one for both the school and the students. We intend to keep up the Farm School traditions and good spirit left behind by the 1922 Class. We shall strive for a more successful year in all activities, both social and athletic, and which we are confident will fulfill our aims. In order to do this, we must receive the full support and co-operation of the underclassmen. We have selected as leaders of our Senior year: Bennett, President; Savage, Vice President; Platt, Secretary; Van Looy, Treasurer. We have decided to cancel the idea of our banquet, owing to hard times. Here's to a successful and enjoyable year at Farm School.

D. PLATT, '23.

1924 CLASS

Our Freshman year has been marked as one of the most successful years of any freshman class in Farm School, both athletically and scholastically. Although small, our class was able to hold our worthy opponents, the Juniors, to a tie in both baseball and football, a feat never accomplished before. We have supported the A. A. and other societies very enthusiastically. In order that our class may have a successful Junior year, we have elected as our officers: Oppenheimer, President; Trucksess, Vice President; Michael, Secretary; Diamond, Treasurer, and Lefkowitz, Cheer-leader. We hope to help the school prosper in the future.

S. MICHAEL, '24,

LITERARY SOCIETY

In summing up all the events and activities of the past year, the Literary Society stands out as the unique factor in our school life. It leaves a brilliant chapter in the pages of history of the graduating class.

The oratorical contests are in full swing and are adding much to the school spirit. They will leave indellible impressions and pleasant memories in the minds of all the students.

The officers elected for the next school year are: Van Looy, President; Pincus, Vice President; Packer, secretary.

N. COMSKY, '23.

THE RADIO CLUB

Because of the growing interest among a number of students about radio telegraphy, a Radio Club was organized. The officers elected are as follows: M. Rotter, President; L. Goldich, Vice President; B. Savage, Secretary-Treasurer.

The club will afford its members instruction in the science, an unlimited amount of pleasure, and will keep them in touch with the latest news. We are at present equipped to receive wireless telephone messages, radio messages and concerts. Mr. Toor, who gave a donation, and L. Goldich, who contributed part of his set, were largely responsible for our equipment. We are expecting the arrival of an amplifier, which will enable us to extend the benefits of the club to the entire student body in the way of concerts and lectures. B. SAVAGE, '23, Sec.

ZIONIST SOCIETY

In spite of the diversified type of Jewish students at the National Farm School, we have had a very hard time in forming a successful Zionist Society. Because we full well realized this abnormal situation at Farm School, we aim to make this society a center of Judaism and national education. Our membership is increasing in number. We have managed to make the meetings not only as educational as possible, but also have provided slides to illustrate historical events. The Chanuka celebration proved a success and we are encouraged to such a degree as to formulate plans for a Purim celebration, and the staging of a series of plays. Future information about Zionism will be gotten direct from Palestine. It will be of utmost importance to those whose intentions are to

settle in Palestine. In conclusion, I wish to express our thanks to those Seniors whose activities in the Zionist Society and backing lighted within us a desire to continue the work that they have left for us to carry on.

M. BRAUMAN, '23.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

For the first time in the history of the A. A., a budget committee has been elected, whose duty it is to make a budget for the fiscal year, allowing certain sums to the various sports, thereby making a fair division of the money to be spent, according to the magnitude of these sports. This committee is to be composed of a faculty member and two alumni. At the last meeting, a new constitution was adopted embodying the above. Elections were held, and the results were as follows: Bennett, President; Herman, Vice President; Frater, Secretary and Dues Manager; Eskin, Tennis Manager. We thank the outgoing officers for their efforts toward the betterment of the A. A., and hope to continue their good work next year. We also thank our advisor, Mr. Stangel, for his help and advice in athletic matters. We wish the '22 class the best success in their future undertakings.

D. FRATER, '23.

THE MID-WINTER HOP, JANUARY 14, 1922.

Needless to say, this dance proved another big success for Farm School, due to the efforts of a sagacious committee. The dancing lasted until an early hour. The Belvedere Quintet furnished us with splendid music. Refreshments were served. It was a two-day affair, Sunday's events consisting of sleighing, ice-skating and dancing, which was enjoyed by all.

Mr. Campbell deserves much credit for the financial aid, without which we could not have had such a good affair. Here's wishing the same success for the year of 1922.

A. T., '22.

THE NEW GLEANER STAFF

The outgoing staff extends its wishes for another successful "Gleaner" year to the newly elected staff. They are as follows: Co-editors-in-chief, Bennett, '23, and Comsky, '23; Agriculture, Regelson, '23; Literae, Kloss, '23; Athletics, Duskin, '23; Class & Clubs and Exchange, Brauman, '23; Alumni, Lasday, '23; Jokes, Diamond, '24; Art, L. Goldich, '24; Business Manager, Platt, '23; Assistant Business Manager, Packer, '24 M. F., '22.

REPORT OF THE LIBRARY

The library is keeping abreast with the other activities of the school. This year saw an unprecedented revival of students diligently engaged in searching the book W. H. Boswell as instructor of our academic subjects. Any night in the week it is possible to perceive a group of students diligently engaged in searching the book shelves for necessary data toward the fulfillment of his orders. The popular taste for recreational reading has been noticeably raised to higher literary standard, apparently the effect of his influence.

The library is indebted to Martha C. Bamberger for her timely donation of \$450 in honor of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Block, thus with the judicious selection of Mr. C. J. Toor, it was greatly enriched with the works of the best current fiction and modern publications. Under his supervision as faculty librarian, a new system of circulation was instituted, based upon the principles that are used by the public libraries.

Up to date we have a total number of 4470 volumes and can count forty-four magazines and periodicals upon our subscription lists. We also receive regular issues of U. S. Department of Agriculture bulletins and the latest reports of the experimental stations.

Considering the size of our school we can well be proud of our library and the students are seeming to realize the benefits that can be derived there.

A word of praise should not be omitted, commending Michael Frishkopf for his devotion to duty and conscientious efforts while serving the school in the capacity of Senior librarian.

M. ROTTER, '23.

 THINGS WE'LL NEVER HEAR AGAIN!!!

(With apologies to the author of the Book of Etiquette)

Pass the spuds.

O. R. this way.

Hey, waiter, my late meal.

Pay your bill for Sunday, laddie.

Say, who swiped my butter?

Leave the dining-hoom—immediately!

After you, or next (the quicker said the better).

Keep your feet still; you kicked my shins.

The bell (a necessary evil).

Right hand side—second table (speeches censored).

Baseball practice. Everybody out!

Inspection at 1.15. Outdoor inspection, 1.45.

Chapel! * * * * *

Latest wireless report—Eggs up four cents.

by I. C. U.



JUNIOR CLASS



FRESHMAN CLASS



ARCHIE TOFFLER, Editor.

"Men of humor are always in some degree men of genius; wits are rarely so, altho a man of genius may, amongst other gifts, possess wit, as Shakespeare."—S. T. Coleridge.

Leedes—"Say, Red, can you let me have five dollars?"

Schulster—"Sure, here it is."

Leedes—"You know, I don't think that I'll ever be able to repay you for this."

Dudley—"Where do you bathe?"

Goldenbaum—"In the spring."

Dudley—"I didn't ask you when, I asked you where."

"Pa," said Mrs. Methuselah to the oldest of his race, "I wish you'd speak to Abimelech. He's been pulling Belad's hair again."

"Lemme see," quoth the patriarch, "how old is Bim now?"

"He's 247 next birthday."

"Well, you must make allowances for the boy, Ma, He's young yet."

KNOCKS AND BOOST

TOFFLER

NAME	DESTINY	AMBITION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	NICKNAME	HOBBY	BEST FRIEND
TOFFLER	To own a hair-dressing establishment	Millionaire	"Howzis One?"	The Old Reliable Archie	Sleeping for de-tails	Fido
Frischkopf	Politician	King Michael I of Jerusalem	"Is that so?"	Mike	Learning	Everybody
Rubenstein	Bachelor	Author	"Don't bother me I'm reading."	Chollie	Perusing Medieval History	Tolstoi
Rabinowitz	Huckster	Fruit grower	"The book never lies."	Rab	Singing?	Dentist
Parls	Lumberjack	N.Y. Assemblyman	"Well-well-well."	Mack	Overstaying vacation	New York Call
Langer . .	Cigar maker	Milk tester	"You're an F. W."	Gyp	Trapping	Dollar-bill
Gold Enbaum	Soap manufacturer	Turkish bath owner	"Hello, Art, Shake."	Sammie	Yapping	None
Cirotti . . .	Pope Raymond X	Bootlegger	"Save it."	Wop	Eating	Nervin
Leedes . .	Pugilist	The world owes him a living	"Got a smoke?"	Joe	Borrowing	Greenhouse (in winter)
Weiss . . .	Floorwalker	Kaiser of Germany	"Macht nix ous."	Newt	Spreading	Pipe
Ring	Fugitive from justice	Policeman	"Go to H—."	Jake	Put and take	Flivius Y
A. Pastanack	Farm in Catskills	Beaux Brummel	"Didn't I tell you?"	Tarzan	Using dumbbells	The mirror
ToWner . .	Janitor	Expert Electrician	"Giminaddy."	Lanky	Five hundred	Mogul tractor
Gelles . .	Heavyweight champion	Go to California	"Watch this baby"	Tobias	Lecturing to Seniors	Tool-job
KrivoNos . .	Hosiery salesman	Banjoist in Sousa's Orchestra	"You're always arguing."	Krivy	Going to Dolyesburgh	Same as Dave
L. Pastanack	Barber	69 inch chest	"Well?"	Pasty	Reading Physical Culture	Lionel Strongfort
Snyder . . .	Minister	To Coach Lafayette	"Umz-woof."	Snitz	Singing "Lulu"	His chew

Rothstein ...	Socialist leader	Vegetable ener	Gard-	"Yaah!"	John Spargo	Has (Nun)	Dot
Wenger	To be henpecked	P. G. (He got it)		"Aw Shutup!"	Otto	Ice skating	Osty
Fox	Soap box orator	Poultryman		"Deah Sarah."	Lew	Writing letters	Bulletins
Fleischman	Auctioneer	Cheerleader at P. I. D.		"?x(;)!-xx!" censored	Samyulk	Fighting	Barny
Yulke ...	Lecturer	To outdo Friesler	"S-s-s-matta?"		Snookie	Arguing	Waiter
Berlack	Caddy	Tilden II		"Oh, the devil."	Nigger	Mumely peg	Bundy
Schulstein	You never can tell	Fiddler		"Whaddye Mean?"	Red	Playing tricks	Tom Mix
Krisher ...	Philosopher	To run a hock- shop		"Get outa here."	Mordechai	Collecting dough	Mike
Zelanko	Coal heaver	Gentleman farm- er		"Open the box."	Dudley	Chewing (the rag)	Candy
Goldfeld, ..	God knows	Go to Romania		"Why should I?"	Potsy	Loafing	Bed
Forman	President of D. P. W.	Teacher of Eng- lish language		"Whazza Math- er?"	Pinocchio	Getting in Dutch	Peroxide
Aukberg	Telephone opera- tor	To become an aviator		"Pass the Spuds."	Buddy	Canoeing	Himself
Morris	Birdologist	Take life easy		"It is, too."	Moish	Hiking	Silvia???
Blumer ...	Teamster	Poet		"Lets see the kit- ty?"	Andy Gump	Killing cats	Study period
Kiesling ..	Tailor	Hecker		"Outen the lights!"	"Newie"	Pinochle	4 aces
Schorr ..	Director	Business manager		"What has hap- pened?"	Glucose	Making announce- ments	Mail-man
CoHen	Barn-boy	Veterinarian		"So-Bossy."	Shimmel	Working overtime	Lass III
Mazor	Actor	Full-back		"T-t-toidy-toid and B-B-Broadway."	Spike	Showing off	Last seat
Robbins .	Dog Catcher	To get a cup?		"I'll owe it to you."	Piggy	Pulling legs	Freshmen
Ullman .	Jail	Never had any		"I'll take it as a gift."	Solly	Filing nails	Carmels

My! How Murderous!

English teacher—"For Wednesday we will take the lives of Dryden, Pope and Addison."

"Helen kissed John last night."

"Well, did he kiss her back?"

"No, she wasn't wearing that kind of a gown."

Louie—"The horses were runnin'—"

Teacher—"Don't forget the 'g'."

Louie—"Gee, the horses were runnin'."

A Physics Formula

Speed to lunch—speed to work—proper speed.

Schorr—"Don't you like winter?"

Fox—"Yes, in summer."

Doc M.—"I'll have to give you zero for your examination."

Dan—"That means nothing to me."

Doc M.—"Right, you got it."

The cotton still has got its gin,
The seacoast has its bar,
And each of us will have our bier,
No matter who we are.

"What do you think of 'Il Penseroso?'"

He—"It's the best ten cent cigar on the market."

Goldenbaum says: "Yes, I was a Freshman, too. Some of the happiest years of my life I spent as a Freshman."

Rae—"Cut out the rough stuff, Spike."

Mazor—"Oh, you want me to shave?"

First Senior—"You danced that two-step divinely. Who taught you?"

Second Senior—"My two step-sisters."

Bundy says: "The woman I marry must have three qualifications: Property, riches and money."

They tell us that "Fats" Eskin weighs just five pounds more than a load of coal.

Don't worry, "Shimmel," keep on smiling, the first four years are the hardest.

"You tell 'em, Twenty-two Class, you've SENIOR days."

"I think I'll drop in on the boys," said the miner as he fell down the shaft.

Mr. Boswell—"A transparent object is one that you can see thru."

Freshie—"Oh, I know, a doughnut."

Teacher—"Who can tell me the scientific name for snoring?"

Krivy—"Sheet music."

Mr. Broome, Superintendent of Schools, of Philadelphia, will be on the graduation day program.

To sweep us out, so to speak.

The only time women don't talk scandal, is when they whisper it.

"The thief took my watch, my purse, my pocketbook—in short, everything."

"But I thought you carried a revolver."

"I do—but he didn't find that."

Mann—"Gee, I feel tired from sitting on the sand so long."

Arch—"Well, then, run up the beach a couple of miles and rest up."

Lady—"Which end of the car do I get off?"

Conductor—"Makes no difference, lady. Car stops at both ends."

Morris—"You know we have scrambled eggs for breakfast."

Visitor—"Well, what is so queer about that?"

Morris—"One egg is put on the table, and we all scramble for it."

Note

The Joke Editor is having an X-ray machine installed in his office. (We wonder why.)

If hairdressers are not as talkative as barbers, it's because a hairdresser's customer can hold her own.

Toffler—"Girls are better looking than men."

Pearl—"Why, naturally."

Toffler—"No, artificially."

Professor—"When Theodore Roosevelt was your age he was at the top of his class."

Ring—"Yes, and when he was your age, he was President of the United States."

Farmer, to new hand—"Come on, get up, it's four o'clock. We've got to cut the oats."

N. H.—"Are the oats wild?"

Farmer—"No."

N. H.—"Well, why do you have to sneak up on them in the dark?"

Checkmated

"We had quite a game at the boarding house the other night."

"Poker?"

"No, the landlady was going to lick one of the boys for not paying board, I tried to checker, she jumped me, crowned him and told us both to move."

"Did you do it?"

"Chess."

Rab—"Hey, Lou, I saw a crane today."

Foreman—"Aw, that wasn't a crane, that musta been a herring." (heron)

Buddy—"Gee! That teacher was mad when he wrote the exam."

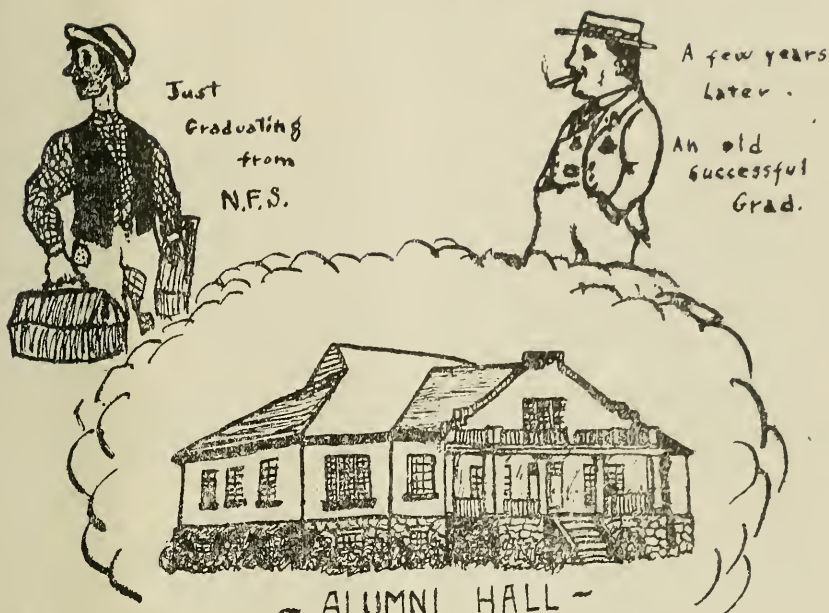
Ullman—"I see. A cross-examination."

Uncle Harmon says: "Them that thinks I ain't as nimble as I used ter be, better hold their chins up high, to save their faces."

Krafty Sayings No. IXL.

You would not knock the jokes we use,
If you could see what we refuse.

A. T., '22.



Help make this dream real
"BOOST THE FUND"

Aukburg '22

ALUMNI OF '22 CLASS, TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW. A FORESIGHT

Probably no class in the history of N. F. S. has followed agriculture more closely than the '22 class. To enumerate all the boys of that class would be difficult. However, here are some interesting letters received from some of them:

Mr. Lewis I. Fox writes: "..... I am now on a large duck farm of my own, and am doing fine. I have bought 3,000 ducklets from Mr. Cecil J. Toor, and they are laying 100 dozen per day. I owe all my knowledge of poultry to Mr. Toor and N. F. S."

Mr. Tony Cirotti is now a professor at Farm School. After graduating from Penn State, he went to a tractor school in Cincinnati, and is now tractor professor at this school.

Mr. Tobias Gelles writes: "..... Having realized that the Golden West afforded such wonderful oppor-

tunities to a Farm School grad, I have organized a colony and have named it the N. F. S. colony. We have planted many acres in plum trees for the prune trade in the East. We expect great success."

Mr. Louis Forman has entered the intensive farming game. He writes: "..... I am now the proud owner of a 50-acre cucumber farm. I supply the neighboring towns and cities with cucumbers. The great cucumber magnate, Mr. Useless Bangs, has asked me to affiliate myself with him, and I am just considering his proposition."

Mr. Arthur Langer and Mr. Archie Toffler have organized the "National Milk Testing Association," for the improvement and building up of high testing cows. Mr. Langer is president—Mr. Toffler is walking delegate.

Mr. Hyman Rabinowitz is now Superintendent of Orcharding at the Rockefeller estate, Tarrytown, N. Y. He writes: "I am taking charge of the orchards of John D. Rockefeller. We have 80 acres in peaches and 40 in apples. I have 60 men working under me, and I am getting a good deal of experience here. Luck to the Arboriculture Department."

Mr. "Dan" Goldfeld is now situated on his own truck farm at Norma, N. J. Business is fine, he writes. Mr. Goldfeld is developing race horses as a side business. His recent record breaker is Dan Patch the 4th. Success to you Dan.

Here is a letter from Otto Wenger, postmarked Switzerland:

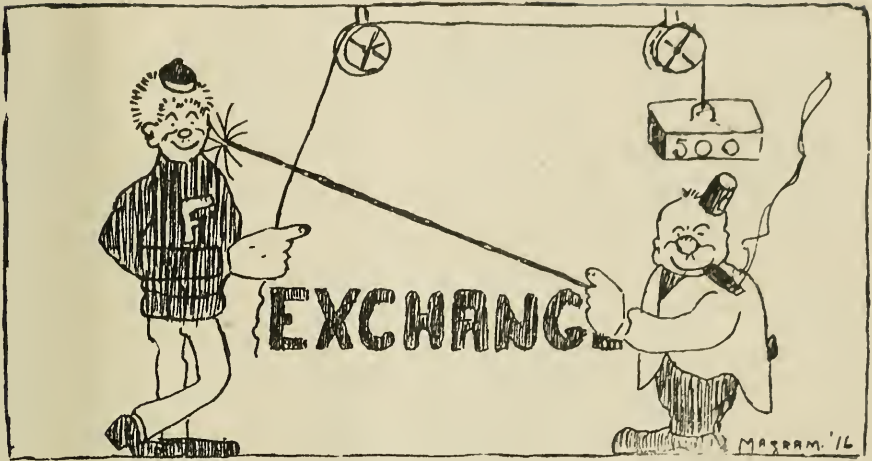
Dear Alumni Editor:—I have introduced American style of farming into Switzerland. I operate and own a 150-acre farm and have 100 milch goats. My old friend, Casper Blumer, is here with me. Together our minds often wander, at the close of day, as I sit by my fireside, to dear N. F. S., and I hope some day to visit my Alma Mater.

And now I have exhausted the flow of ink from my pen. I have shown that the '22 class has largely followed agriculture, and may we also credit our Alma Mater by being staunch agriculturists, for

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."

Our goal should symbolize a good-sized farm.

SAM GOLDENBAUM, '22.



REUBEN REGELSON, Editor

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

Though by time and fortune parted.
 Though mountain and valley keep afar,
 When church and nation doth discourage
 True friendship has the courage—
 Despite conventional, earthly man,
 Before all, among all, extend a welcoming hand.
 Feels not lowered if in "social-pose,"
 To greet a laboring chum upon the road.

THE MAN WITH THE PLOW, '23.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following:

The Mt. Airy World, Mt. Airy, Pa.

The Minnesota Farm Review, University Farm, St. Paul, Minn.

The Optimist, South Side High School, Newark, N. J.

The Perkiomenite, Perkiomen School, Pennsburg, Penna.

The Torch, Doylestown High School, Doylestown, Penna.

Every actor hates to see his name in print—unless it is in large letters.

Old Gent—"You must come to dinner tonight."

Friend—"Sorry, but I am going to see Othello."

Old Gent—"That's all right; bring him around too."

Latest Song Success

The cow fell down and strained her milk,



Sweet Memories In 1950. *magpie*

EXTRACT FROM OUR DIARY

Friday, January 13.—Something sure to happen today. Sure enuff. No milk for breakfast. We refuse to eat.

Saturday, January 14.—As a result "Mammy" announces that punch won't be served at the dance. Also that we must pay 35c for each girl, for supper. Students consult their attorney, all facing bankruptcy. Dance in evening successful.

Sunday, January 15.—The morning after the night before. Day of rest, meaning don't get up for details. Ice skating, sleighing, etc.

Monday, January 16.—Exam scheduled for Mr. Schneider's class. Seniors vote whether or not they should take it. The nays have it. Result, no test.

Tuesday, January 17.—Rain, breakfast, dinner, also supper. Day otherwise uneventful.

Wednesday, January 18.—Mr. "D." Groman leaves for Cincinnati with good intentions, for the purpose of entering college.

Thursday, January 19.—Professor Marx comes to school. Seniors are very happy. Mr. M. leaves same day, much to our sorrow.

Friday, January 20.—Groman returns. Don't faint. He graduated. Some prodigy. Sh—mum's the word, he's minus a couple hundred bucks, and refuses to pay his just debts.

Saturday, January 21.—No class today. Only chapel. 'Stoo bad Saturday only comes once a week.

Sunday, January 22.—A. A. elections. The Twenty-three boys manage to cop all positions. The nerve of some people. Also, Corenzwit's wives visit him.

Monday, January 23.—Osty goes to Philly. Yahay, boys. No class, no work, no nothing.

Tuesday, January 24.—First message received by wireless telephone. Mr. Toor makes startling announcement that Harding is elected President, also that the war is over. Hoo-ray, de Oh!

Wednesday, January 25.—Mike Frishkopf returns from hospital. Greeted by all and hailed by the weather.

Thursday, January 26.—Nothing much, only a few guys kicked out of class.

Friday, January 27.—Gelles skips details, as usual. Early report—"Just watch this baby." Atta boy Tobias. Fish today.

Saturday, January 28.—Literary society meeting. "Bombs, bombs, bombs." Very atrocious. Oratorical contest in full swing. Packer in the lead.

Sunday, January 29.—Big blizzard. Train stuck in snowdrift. Farm School labor enlisted? Try and get us. "Mush & Spuds" and movies resumed.

Monday, January 30.—Newly elected "Gleaner" staff goes to work on Freshman issue. Spuds and mush for dinner.

Tuesday, January 31.—Our marks go to the board. Who worries, suppose we did flunk?

Wednesday, February 1.—Change of details. Twenty-one more days until graduation, 504 more hours, etc.

Thursday, Feb. 2.—Fox leaves for his duck farm. He is given nine "quacks" with Fox on the end.

Friday, Feb. 3.—Fish again. Can't help it, it's Friday. Leedes argues for Socialism, Yulke winning the argument.

Saturday, February 4.—This issue goes to print—to print what? All we can do now is predict for the future.

* * * * *

Denoting lapse of time.

Sunday, February 12.—Lincoln's birthday. Zionist Society farewell to Seniors.



Monday, February 13.—Seniors due to quit work, quit classes. No more worries for the present.

Tuesday, February 14.—Farewell party given to the whole school.

Wednesday, February 15.—Last details for Seniors.

Thursday, February 16.—Everybody, rather, Seniors, begin to pack up property acquired during three years at N. F. S. Faculty banquet to Senior Class.

Friday, February 17.—Same as Thursday and et cetera. Mrs. Ostrolenk's banquet to Seniors.

Saturday, February 18.—Senior banquet, "Jug-in-the-Wall," Doylestown.

Sunday, February 19.—Grand Senior auction.

Monday, February 20.—Baccalaureate address.

Tuesday, February 21.—Oratorical contest finals.

Wednesday, February 22.—Washington's birthday. Also graduation day. We get our diplomas. Make speeches. Dance at night.

Thursday, February 23.—The 8.15 to Philly loaded with the one and only Class of '22.

Finis.

J. ED., '22.

FAREWELL—LEST WE FORGET

I

Wher'er you or I mayhap to disperse,

Lest we forget;

Wher'er to be seeded in this universe,

Remember yet,

Our dear old Farm School, we all loved at heart;

And our friends, with whom we must sadly part.

II

Your heart perhaps grieves, tho in quest today,

Of the morrow;

Whence ye from our Alma Mater, so gay,

Part in sorrow.

Into a world of earnest toil and strife;

Into mankind's battle-field of life.

III

Where as farmers of the day we'll reap our joys,

Lest we forget;

When sowing our fields with life's yielding choice,

Remember yet

'Tis to Farm School will be due our success;

So let's all be true to dear N. F. S.

JOS. MASTER, '23

SENIOR MEMBERS OF THE "GLEANER" STAFF

Michael Frishkopf

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Barnett Yulke

Associate Editor

Harry Krisher

Literary Editor

Archie Toffler

Joke Editor

Burton Berlack

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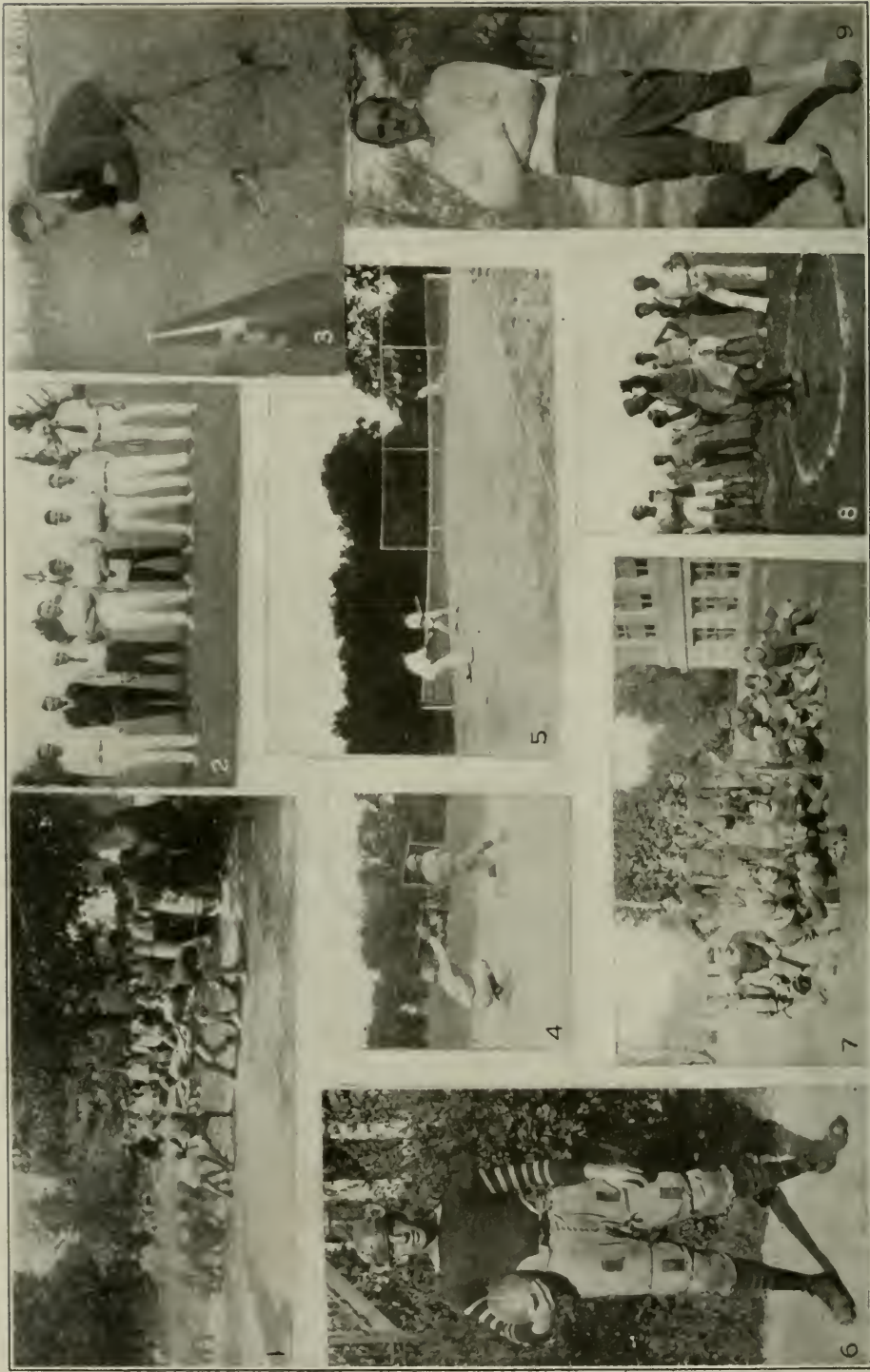
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 Sitting—Zinn, Herman, Groman, Wenger, Capt., Gelles, Bannon, Snyder.



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